

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## GREATER COURAGE HATH NO MAN

ONLY the captain and a few of the crew of a Norwegian cargo boat managed to escape when they were torpedoed off Ireland not long ago, for their ship sank in ten seconds. The survivors were clinging to a raft when a British destroyer came speeding to their rescue. Within hailing distance the Norwegian captain shouted to them, "Don't waste time picking us up; go after the submarine." It was a brave gesture, for the raft was only a speck on the ocean and it would be touch and go whether the destroyer would find them again. But away sped the destroyer after the U-boat; and it is good to know that it dropped successful depth-charges, and also picked up the brave men.

## MOLEHILLS AND MATTERHORNS

NO man knows what dazzling figures may appear on the stage of the world as the next few years pass into history. We have seen in the Mediterranean how names little heard of till the other day shine suddenly like planets in the sky. But already those who believe in the overruling of this world by Providence must have been struck by a very remarkable thing.

*The Hour has brought the Men.*

The mind shrinks from the contemplation of what might have happened to this world if three great men had not been in it now. We look out on the vast stage of events with the sinister figures of the Dictators planning the conquest of the world through murder and fire and all the devilries they can think of, and we may shudder to think how near the human race was brought to its enslavement. Three brutish men with all the powers of evil in their hands, and the great liberty-loving peoples fast asleep—it was as if Milton's dream of Paradise Lost were coming true.

### The Glorious Three

And yet today what molehills these dictators are against our Matterhorns. We have only to think of their three names to be filled with contempt and disgust. But we have only to think of the three names we set against them to be filled with unspeakable pride and a profound thankfulness to God Who is giving us the victory.

It is probably true that at no other time in history has mankind had such a glorious trinity of men as the three protagonists of Liberty today: Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt, Jan Smuts. Two of them have fought physical battles of their own and overcome them, and all three have done such things as will link their names forever with those of Alfred, Cromwell, and Lincoln.

THEY have all been in small minorities, crying out in the wilderness, to those who would not listen. They have burst the chains of prejudice and indifference which from the beginning of the world have been the chief enemies of mankind. They have fought hard to wake up the sleeping masses of those who do not care, to broaden the narrowness of men's conceptions and to set their lives in wider ways.

If we look about in all the countries of the world, or down the generations of time, we could not find a time with three such men, three men of three countries, three continents, yet speaking the same language, thinking the same thoughts, leading men on in the same paths of freedom, law, and boundless opportunity. And certainly there are no greater men in the world today.

### The Gallant President

Of Mr Roosevelt we must believe that history will say he lifted up the hearts of all mankind and made it certain that the powers of evil would be overthrown. He must have shortened the war by years. Had Hitler a spark of greatness in him he would not have gone to war while Mr Roosevelt was sitting in Abraham Lincoln's chair. This great man has fought his own battle of life and America's too, and he has won them both.

CRIPPLED by infantile paralysis, he refused to let it pull him down, and has given himself the strength of ten because his life is pure. He has raised himself to be the head of 130 million people, but dozens of men have done that, and Mr Roosevelt has done

far more—he has brought America out of the grip of a despairing isolation, an eighteenth century aloofness from the twentieth century world. He was born into a nation which believed that it had nothing to do with the affairs of Europe, that it could stand by itself and leave the world alone.

It was thought to be the advice of George Washington in 1787, and it is not too much to say that the worship of Washington has been almost a religion in America. Isolation was the way by which America has grown from a small colony of distant settlements into the most remarkable nation in the world, made up of every race on earth; and every American believed that one of its secrets lay in Washington's good counsel to keep themselves apart from the rest of the world. It was almost the touchstone of patriotism.

IT is Mr Roosevelt who has killed Isolationism forever in America, and those who know how hard it is to bring a nation out of a rut, to disturb the age-old habits of its thinking, must believe it little short of a miracle that all this has been done.

But Mr Roosevelt has done even more than that. In a world in which Liberalism has been dying, he has raised its flag in the Great Republic, and has tried to do in these few years what British Liberalism took a generation to do. He has tried to raise the standard of life and opportunity, to get rid of poverty and to make the nation ashamed of it.

### What Mr Roosevelt Has Done

He has had all the vested interests against him, all the rich people who are comfortable and satisfied, and their hatred of his New Deal, which was to give the chance of a better life to millions, was fast destroying the remarkable position he had made for himself.

Yet in spite of this the President has raised himself to the greatest height a man has ever reached across the Atlantic. He has received an honour neither Washington nor Lincoln ever dreamed of. Washington was President once, Lincoln twice, Roosevelt three times. There has been no more dramatic change in a nation's way of thinking since any of us was born, and Mr Roosevelt has brought it about because it was the only way in which Democracy could save itself from those who were setting out to destroy it.

Against him were all those, safe in their security far away, who did not wish to have their lives disturbed, and all those with views of life brought to America from other lands than ours. It is less than half the population of the United States that has its roots in England, and the traditions of millions of Germans, Italians, Russians, Poles, Irish,

Hungarians, Czechs, Austrians, and the rest die slowly and do not leap instantly into line with a President's policy, however popular he may be.

We think it no small triumph when one of our own parties puts itself in power, but it is far more difficult across the Atlantic, where great causes must rely on their appeal to the most complex nationality, the most extraordinary variety of human beings, existing anywhere. The desire for liberty is deeply planted in the human race, and it is a striking vindication of this truth that in this world-crisis the decisive vote for freedom is cast by so mixed a company.

### The Boy From a Farm

Like Mr Roosevelt, General Smuts has fought and won his battle against prejudice and the narrow view of life. He began life on a South African farm, and became a public man under President Kruger.

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# THE SOLEMN PRIDE OF A YORKSHIRE HOUSE Three Lives on the Altar of Freedom

LIFE is becoming a poignant thing, we were writing here not long ago, and it is true, as the poet says, that never morning wore to evening but some heart did break. And yet never in the world's long history were men and women so brave.

In the sad stories of this grievous war there will be few more moving than that of the three Shepleys which we told all too briefly a few weeks since. The Shepleys are one of the oldest Yorkshire families in the great West Riding, and there are few of them left after their long generations of service to their country. There were four sons and a daughter at Woodthorpe Hall, near Sheffield, and one of the sons was married at the end of last year; like two of his brothers, he was one of King Arthur's Knights, of the little host of pilots who are saving the world. Today three of these five young lives have been given to their country.

Jeanne Shepley was on her way from Rangoon to join the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry when war was declared, and her ship, SS Yorkshire, was torpedoed. Jeanne stayed on deck helping women and children and wounded men into the lifeboats until it was too late to save herself, and she went down with the ship. Her brother George was one of that immortal company who made Dunkirk safe for 330,000 trapped men; he was one of the few pilots who were shot down there. Another brother, Douglas, came to grief in his Spitfire over the Channel, five weeks after his marriage. A third pilot brother was with the R.A.F. in the Middle East, and the fourth brother is still in this country. All four were Oundle boys of great promise, and there must be great sorrow for Douglas and George Shepley in that famous school.

For their mother and the young widow at Woodthorpe Hall there will be deep sympathy, and we pray for them the solemn pride and the great consolation of those who, in the noble words of Abraham Lincoln, have laid so costly a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.

Their name has long been known, as it comes a hundred times into Pepys, but it will now live in a myriad hearts and in the skies, for these two sorrowful women of Woodthorpe Hall have given to the nation, in memory of these three Shepleys, £5700 to buy a new fighting plane named the Shepley. "I can only say there are worse things than sudden death," says the mother of these three lives so suddenly taken from her.

WELL may we pray that we too may have her unshakable courage, her steadfast faith, her sublime trust in the Spirit that over-rides our lives, her confidence in our power to save mankind from evil things.

As well as the Shepley plane in the heavens, these three lives have a memorial in English literature, for one who is akin to them writes to us and sends this poem, which is dedicated to George Rex Shepley, Douglas Shepley, and Jeanne Shepley:

*BRAVE souls and true, that soar on wings of light,  
Flying with courage through the fearful night,  
Fighting aloft for freedom and renown,  
Striving to keep unsullied honour's crown:  
Take with you all our prayers, our faith, our love;  
Weave them in patterns in the skies above,  
That all free men may see and learn to know  
The story that has set our hearts aglow.*

*SWEETHEARTS and sons, we give our trust to you,  
Keep in our hearts your deeds of daring-do.  
Pledging anew our vows of faith we yearn  
Watching and praying for your safe return.  
Take with you all our fears, our hopes, our praise,  
Burn them aloft in ever fiercer blaze,  
That all free men may heed and come to know  
The story that has set our land aglow.*

*SHINING the eyes that burn with fervent zeal,  
Steady the hands that guard our country's weal;  
Glorious the deeds that earn a victor's crown,  
Noble the lives oft laid so freely down.  
Spread wide in flight o'er earth and raging sea,  
Write in the clouds a scroll of victory,  
That all free men may read and proudly show  
The glory that will set the world aglow.*

N. Lister Smith

It is a noble piece of homage to three gallant spirits now in their abode where the eternal are, and we feel that it is right that this proud page of the Shepleys should be read far and wide as part of the everlasting story of our race.

## This Family Will See the Sun No More

"I do not make war on women and children," said Hitler before the war began.

They are the words of the Chief Liar in Europe, for he has since made war on civilians everywhere, on hospitals and churches and schools and cottages. As he will not know the full extent of his crimes we print this in the hope that it may some day catch his eye:

*There has just been admitted into one of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies a little girl of six who was blinded by a bomb which also blinded her father and mother and killed her brother.*

We hear of this pathetic tragedy from the National Institute for the Blind. Perhaps you would like to send it a mite.

## Saint George of Tobruk

That veteran of Libyan sea fights, the monitor Terror, was the first heavily-armed warship to enter Tobruk harbour, and found her berth near the submerged Italian cruiser San Giorgio. In the water-logged day cabin of the cruiser's captain the British found a bronze statue of St George, his helmet surmounted by a winged dragon. It was a stiff job to salvage the statue, but it now adorns the gallant old Terror, and we have no doubt that the champion of women and children relishes his change of quarters.

## THE LITTLE SHIP COMES IN

A little ship of 200 tons caught fire at sea. Her crew set her engines at dead slow and abandoned her, to burn herself out. But the fire died down, and the little ship sailed on till she came to the west coast of England. Here was a tiny inlet, very deep, difficult to navigate; but the lonely ship entered it, sailed through it safely, and put herself gently on the beach. The surprised villagers saw her next morning, and some went aboard, finding everything left as it was dropped by a crew in a hurry to escape, even wallets full of notes. The crew never came ashore there; so the coastguards took charge, and the little ship is now in commission again.

## Mrs Richardson of the Yorkshire Wolds

The Yorkshire Wolds were snowbound, and Leppington village was cut off for six days. But Mrs Richardson, mother of six children, tied bags and baskets about her and set off seven miles to Stamford Bridge for food. Late in the afternoon anxious villagers set out to meet her; and there she was, laden with provisions, fighting her way cheerfully through the drifts.

## THINGS SEEN

A man rescuing a tortoise from a roof where it had been blown by a bomb.

A notice outside a bombed house-decorator's shop:

*Professional Jealousy*

'Sixty kinds of birds in an ordinary garden at daybreak.

# LITTLE NEWS REELS

Macclesfield Rural District Council is planning houses, that will be practically timberless.

An Ulster sow belonging to Mr Thomas Brown has given birth to 93 pigs in five litters, a substantial help for Ulster's war effort.

*One of our great shipyards is to build merchant ships in huge sections on a scale never before attempted, hauling them into position by powerful cranes for final assembly.*

Somebody with a good imagination has described the Communal Feeding Centre of his town as the Good Companions Hotel.

Three Africans are now serving as Medical Officers in South Africa: on the outskirts of Johannesburg, in the city of Durban, and in the thickly-populated area of Middel-drift, near King William's Town.

Valuable contributions to our stocks of raw material, and to the comfort of the Forces, are being made from Scottish dogs, Highland crofters converting dogs' combings into yarn for garments.

## Scout and Guide News Reel

ROVER HARGREAVES has been commended for his successful First-Aid treatment of a compound fracture; he has also treated a man who had a fractured skull, moving him to hospital within 20 minutes.

When a train crashed near Simla Scouts gave First Aid, helped to move the injured, carried messages to relatives, and sent telegrams or wrote letters for passengers.

Guides of Clay Cross co-operated in Chesterfield's War

About 2500 Nottingham people were watching a film when the siren went, and not one person moved.

The Red Cross Agriculture Fund has received £7500 from the sale of scrap metal collected by farm labourers.

*It has been decided in the United States that Negroes shall have equal railway accommodation with white people, and that there shall be no racial restrictions in the Civil Service.*

The iron railings in Parliament Square have been sent to the scrap heap.

Margate's lifeboat, putting out to a rescue, found the object of its mission to be a raft with two pieces of wood sticking up from it.

*The war against rats in Caistor, Lincolnshire, is proving so successful that in the past few months 25,000 tails have been presented to the council for the reward of 2d a tail.*

The girls of Southlands School, Harrow, have made a blanket of knitted squares for a hospital bed every term since they were evacuated to West Looe, Cornwall.

Weapons Week; among other activities at an exhibition they showed some good types of firewood, with helpful notes on how they could be obtained.

*Meeting once a week in New York, eight girls who were British Guides before going to America have made 82 garments for our soldiers and sailors.*

The Girl Guides of the lovely Hampshire village of Odiham raised over £8 last year by collecting wastepaper, giving the money to various charities.

# THE IMMORTAL THREE

Continued from page 1

in the Transvaal Republic when he was 28. There never was a more obstinate old man than Kruger, who lived with his great Bible on the table, but kept down the Natives and believed that progress was an unpardonable sin.

We may think the Boer War an infamous page in our history, but good has come from its evil. At the end of it the Government that won the war gave the defeated Boers full liberty to rule their country, and it fell to two soldiers who fought hard against us to lead their people in the paths of peace. They were Louis Botha and Jan Smuts.

BOTHA said of Smuts that he was at his post day and night, and that his brilliant intellect, his calm judgment, his amazing energy, his undaunted courage had been of inestimable value to the Union in her hour of trial. When Botha died Smuts said at his graveside that "he was the most beautiful and sweetest soul of all my land and days."

## Sower of the Seed

They came into the Great War with us because they would not break their word, and it was General Smuts who sowed the seed of the League of Nations, which would have saved the world if more people had believed in it. Back home in South Africa, he fought consistently against the view that South Africa should have nothing to do with the great world outside, and in the critical hour of the autumn of 1939 it was he who saved South Africa from slipping back into the rank of a local State, away from all the

opportunities of world power. He has destroyed forever the ancient pettiness, the relics of the days of Kruger, and has laid the foundations of a powerful nation. He believes that the hand of God is over all, that vast social changes are coming to the world, but that the great caravan of humanity is marching to better days. "God is writing a very different treaty from this," he said at Versailles.

GENERAL SMUTS is 70, the oldest of these three, but he is vigorous and alert; with a mind as vivid as in the days when the generosity of Cecil Rhodes enabled him to go to Cambridge, where he was a famous scholar. No boy from a South African farm has ever risen so high in the world, no statesman in the British Empire has ever been more beloved by all its people.

## Mr Valiant

Of our own Prime Minister we need say no more than that he is the soul of all we fight for, our Mr Valiant. He would have saved us from a thousand griefs and from terrible disasters if we had followed his advice in time. He found us asleep and could not wake us. He found us nestling in prosperity and believing in security, and he cried out in the wilderness in vain. But even he will say that the nation has redeemed itself and is at last awake, and our prayer for him is that not only will he lead us to Victory, but that he may live to lead us along paths of Peace in a world where freedom dwells in every land.

Arthur Mee

For the reprint of the Editor's articles in book form see page 6.



## In the Hushed Class-Room

DEAR EDITOR, My small daughter has told me a lovely thing about her school. We live in a suburb of Bristol, and every child in the class is tragically familiar with the Blitz.

When the ordinary school prayer is over Teacher says, "Now thank God for keeping you safe last night." In the hushed class-room every little head is bowed, young lips move silently, and little girls and boys (not all of whom pray at their mother's knee) lift up their hearts to the Good Shepherd who carries the lambs in His bosom. At the close of the day Teacher says, "Now ask God to keep you safe tonight," and again the little spirits commune with their Great Protector. Does He not send to them His angels, which do always behold the face of Our Father who is in heaven?

## TONGUES IN TREES

The news that special logs are now provided in American parks for visitors to cut their names on has reminded a C N reader of how some German sailors carved their names on trees in lonely Tierra del Fuego in 1914.

They were from the old run-away cruiser Dresden, which was hiding in these inlets. The men had been sent ashore for fuel, but could not resist leaving behind their names and that of the Dresden and the date of their visit! Soon afterwards along came the British cruiser Kent, whose crew were delighted to find such interesting information, and lost no time in getting on the trail of their elusive quarry.

## THE FARMER AND HIS TURNIPS

A farmer in Scotland was very annoyed when a high explosive bomb landed in the middle of his turnip field not long ago, especially as it did not explode, for he had nightmares of the bomb disposal squad making havoc of his precious turnips. Anything was better than that, he argued to himself, and so for the next three weeks he worked hard getting in his crop. Then, when that was done, he reported to the authorities that he had an unexploded bomb on his farm!

## A BAD THING GONE

It has been a grievance for a long time among Africans, that they could attend only the first three years of the medical course at a South African university, being thus compelled to go overseas for the three clinical years. This grievance has at last been removed by the University of the Witwatersrand, which is offering full clinical training to all its medical and dental students.

## THE WIND IN THE TREE

An American linden tree in the Missouri Botanical Gardens is liable to "get the wind up" every time it feels a breeze, for it has been the subject of the most interesting experiment ever tried at the gardens.

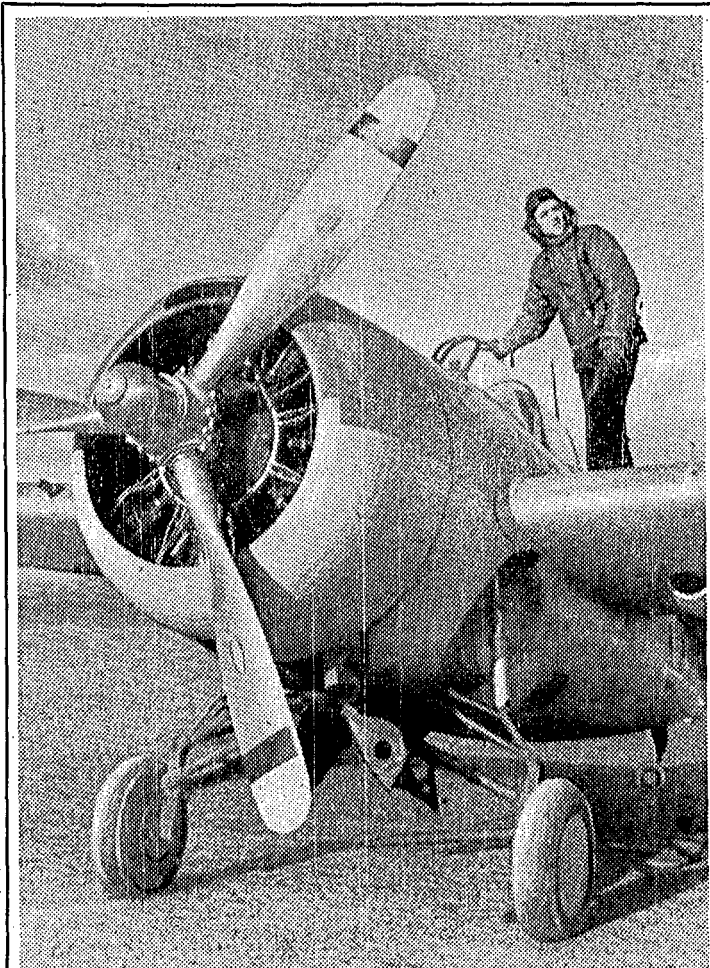
In an effort to determine the effect wind has on trees, and whether it checks their growth or not, a wind machine was built and attached to the linden. Consisting of an aeroplane power-plant and an air-screw propeller 76 inches in diameter, the machine first of all created a howling gale of 40 miles an hour. When the tree protested by wilting visibly this was reduced to a 17-mile-an-hour breeze, very much like a normal wind though about twice as strong.

This breeze was kept up for six hours a day for three weeks, when the poor tree had lost so much moisture that the experiment had to be abandoned.

## JOHN WOODS OF DUBLIN

A Dublin boy, John Woods, 17, displayed such heroism in rescuing two out of three girls from drowning in a quarry pool that the City Coroner recommended him for the freedom of Dublin, and remarked:

*This brave boy gave to the youth—and indeed to the adults—of this or any other country an example of heroism which has rarely been equalled and hardly ever surpassed.*



## American Aid For Britain

A Grumman Martlet about to be taken for a test flight at an aerodrome Somewhere in England. This fighter plane is one of numerous machines sent from American factories for the RAF

## THE WILDERNESS SHALL BLOSSOM

Beautiful are the spacious moors of our island home, and it is thrilling to ride over them when the bracken is at its best. But in wartime these acres of unproductive land mean waste, and it is good to know that the moors are being ploughed for harvests this summer. Already 100 acres of common at Appleton-le-Moor in Yorkshire have been cleared of gorse and bracken; and another 200 at Castle Howard.

## This Kind World

The other night a tired and weary mother with her two children arrived at York Station on the way from Bristol to Newcastle to join the sailor father. They had hours to wait and seemed dazed on a strange blacked-out station. During the time of waiting they received the following acts of kindness:

*A young porter helps them out of a wrong train.*

*Two railwaymen take them to a fire-warmed room.*

*Two others provide tea, hot milk and cakes.*

*One porter asks: "Have you enough brass, lass?"*

## THE DESTROYER BIRD

Once more an attempt is being made to thin out the flocks of alien wood-pigeons that have been pillaging our vegetable crops and will soon be turning their attention to corn and clover. The birds are so wily that only the practised marksman can hope to reduce their numbers.

An authority on the subject suggests to us that during the summer and autumn Boy Scouts and village lads should be encouraged to destroy the nests of wood-pigeons, for the birds, despite their beauty, are a constant tax on farm and orchard, and have no redeeming virtue. They are one of the very small class of birds (only two or three) which are wholly destructive.

## AFTER MANY DAYS

An unknown girl lately walked into the secretary's office at St Thomas's Hospital, London, pushed an envelope into the hands of an official, and hastily left. The envelope contained 75 £1 notes and a letter which stated: "Will you please accept this money as a gift to the hospital from a grateful patient of some years ago?"

## Ships and Acres

AN illuminating comparison of ships and acres as food providers was made the other day by Sir Arthur Salter, Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Shipping. He told us that in a year the voyages of a grain ship could bring us in as much wheat as could be grown on 30,000 acres.

Or, to give another illustration, one ship could bring to our shores as much timber as a forest of trees that had taken a generation or more to grow.

Or, again, one ship's voyages could feed a small city or supply the needs of a whole army division.

But, alas! the difference between ship supplies and domestic land supplies is grave, and bears a lesson for us all. The enemy cannot take our fields but he can sink a ship.

## THE GANGSTERS AT THE POLE

There is much interest in a new exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution, a Skua.

It is not one of our dive-bombers, but a specimen of the extremely rare Skua gull which gave the bomber its name. Skuas are the southernmost migrants, and this specimen was shot by members of the Byrd Expedition at the South Pole.

These gulls are extremely daring, and so strong that they fly incredible distances carrying chunks of meat bigger than themselves. The gangsters of the gull family, they force other gulls to give up any food they may be carrying.

## THACKERAY AND THE POTATOES

We are all asked to keep a check on our appetites in these days to save ship-space on imported foods, and we are reminded of the appetite of the immortal Thackeray when Charlotte Brontë was invited to meet him at dinner. He greatly admired the genius and gentle nature of the author of Jane Eyre, and she loved him as a giant of literature and a splendid character. But she was horrified to discover during the meal that he had an appetite to match his towering frame, and finally, as he took a fifth helping, she leaned across the table and, with hands clasped and tears in her eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr Thackeray, don't!"

Yet even the Food Controller would have said "Mr Thackeray, do," for that helping was simply the great man's fifth potato.

## THE COD IN THE IRON MASK

A codfish captured off Nova Scotia had somehow pushed its head into a treacle can and kept it there. The underside of the can was worn thin by being pushed along the sea's sandy bed, but the upper part was covered with barnacles, so that the cod, which weighed 15 pounds, must have worn its iron mask for a long time, and still been able to feed on the crustacea it found. A mackerel shark, also from Nova Scotia, five feet long and four feet in girth, was ringed by the top of a 60-pound lard bucket. Rust had eaten away the bucket, but had left the ring.

## Scamp is Gone

Scamp has had his day and ceased to be, but he will long be remembered. He belonged to Mr and Mrs Edge of Cleethorpes, and was so old that they had decided at last to have him destroyed. Before they could have this done, however, fire broke out in their house, and they were roused by Scamp pawing at their doors. The house was gutted, and Scamp lost his life, but his master and mistress and their daughter were saved.

## NEGRO PILOTS?

It has been suggested that Negroes should be trained as air pilots in the United States, and a great American newspaper, having surveyed the physical qualifications of the Negro race, has expressed the opinion that "the record suggests that the country would lose less by refusing to train Harvard, Yale, and Princeton men for the flying corps than by refusing to train Negroes."

## A FIVE-DAY ADVENTURE IN A STRANGE LAND

The story is told of a young Gold Coast soldier who, having escaped from the Italians, travelled alone without food or water for nearly a week until he could rejoin his unit.

He had been taken captive during a raid on a strong Italian position in thick bush country, and the Italians stripped him of everything he had except his singlet and shorts, and placed him under guard. He waited his opportunity and escaped in the night, and five days later stumbled into a British outpost, hungry, thirsty, and exhausted after a long journey through strange and hostile country.

## THE EDITOR'S DREAM

Several years ago Mr Perry Newberry, editor of the Pine Cone in Carmel, California, thought it would be a lovely idea if, one week in every year, he could take a holiday and let the youth of the town try its hand at bringing out the paper.

He encouraged the youngsters to write articles and stories, and taught them to cut wood blocks. His dreams came true, as dreams have a habit of doing, when the people of Carmel opened their paper one morning to find that it was the work of the boys and girls of Sunset School.

Mr Newberry passed away not long ago, but the other day the children brought out their edition as usual.

## THE NAZI ON THE BUS

Catching Germans is easy in Yorkshire. One was caught not long ago by a bus conductor, who did it all very neatly, delaying the bus only a minute or two.

Three German prisoners had escaped, and one, wearing a sports coat, grey flannels, and a check cap, boarded a bus on the way to Sheffield. The man spoke excellent English, but the conductor noticed a sharp click of the heels and a sudden forward movement of the head, mannerisms he thought suspicious. At the first opportunity the conductor gave the driver a hint, and a few miles farther on the bus stopped near two policemen. At the conductor's invitation the passenger in the check cap was asked for his identity card, and as he could not produce it he was arrested.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



### Ride Out Singing

ALFRED THE GREAT lived in times as perilous as ours. The Danes were not only threatening to come, but were here. The king had been a fugitive, but his personality had so inspired his people that he had organised a powerful resistance to the invaders. This is what he said to them:

*If thou hast a fearful thought, share it not with a weakling; whisper it to thy saddle bow, and ride forth singing.*

### THE CHEAT

WHATEVER Hitler's secret weapon may be, it is more and more clear every day that his public weapon is cheating.

### The Coolie's Mite

WE cannot refrain from telling this story from a Merseyside town. It has a pathetic significance which should make us proud.

A company of soldiers was waiting for a conveyance outside a station near the docks when some Coolies, evidently off a ship from India, came along. One of them put his hand into his pocket and took out some money, which he offered to the nearest British soldier, who smilingly refused it. The Coolie was obviously distressed, and, turning to some women standing by, said: "I give them money, but they no take it."

Was ever a more beautiful tribute to a nation's spirit? It was the Coolie's Mite, the only way a poor ship's labourer could think of to mark his admiration of the country he was landing in. Linnaeus knelt and kissed the English earth when he arrived; this Coolie, like the poor widow, did what he could, and Lord Nuffield himself does no more.

### Old Lady

We like to think of Mother Britain in these days as a brave old lady.

SHE chants a song

That God has made,

And dares Death's Portal

Unafraid. Egbert Sandford

### THE POSTSCRIPT

A UNIVERSITY professor in London pulled a long face the other morning when the postman brought him a reminder from an American magazine that his subscription was now due. He wrote and told them that to his deep regret he could no longer afford to be a subscriber, owing to the war. But he added a hopeful postscript. If they would like to take a gamble, he said, he would be pleased to settle the account after the war.

It was a very delighted professor who received this reply:

*We will be very pleased to continue to send your copies as usual until after Britain has won the war.*

### Father and Son

IN 1906 Mr Winston Churchill published a biography of Lord Randolph Churchill. This is what he then wrote of his father:

He became Leader of the House of Commons, not because he had schemed for it, not because it was his right in lawful succession, not assuredly because the Conservatives loved him or felt they would be safe in his hands. He was the leader at that moment—natural, inevitable, and, as it seemed, indispensable.

Might not these words be written of Lord Randolph Churchill's son today?

### Let Them Be Remembered

IT seems a convenient time to remind ourselves of those fine words on the Memorial Scroll presented to the next-of-kin of all who fell in the Great War:

*He whom this scroll commemorates was numbered among those who, at the call of King and Country, left all that was dear to them, endured hardness, faced danger, and finally passed out of the sight of men by the path of duty and self-sacrifice, giving up their own lives that others might live in Freedom. Let those who come after see to it that his name be not forgotten.*

These words are mainly the work of Dr Montague James, Provost of King's College, Cambridge.

## TOMORROW

NOTHING is ever so bad that good may not come of it. Life is bitter and hard today, but there is always tomorrow. There are signs on every hand that we certainly are learning by our past mistakes, profiting by our losses, discovering in all the suffering of war some of the principles on which alone a lasting peace can be built. Never has the world seen such wanton destruction of life and property, yet all this may perhaps be the preface to a new and glorious chapter in our history.

Even now London is planning to build a greater and a nobler city. The nations of the world are beginning to see, as never before, the inevitable end of those whose lives are controlled by bad faith and aggression, and who do not believe in the commonsense of living together in mutual esteem and for mutual gain. Strange as it may seem, the world is probably nearer now to some sort of international brotherhood than it has been in its long history.

There is growing up a longing for peace unlike anything mankind has felt hitherto; a hunger and thirst for it which must make possible such a reshaping of the map as will give men real security. The war is teaching us hard lessons, but lessons we need to learn; and above all it is proving that the things which make a people great do not consist in the abundance of worldly goods, but in the fibre of their souls.

Italy has more men and planes and guns than the Greeks, but the Greeks have flaming spirits, and they are winning. Germany planned the war for years, has lived for it, has riddled the globe with her Fifth Columnists, has built up a vast army and such stores of weapons that she should have beaten us long ago; but the genius of Germany is evil, and by its very nature has roused dormant nations to volcanic power.

It is Germany's threat to all that is best in life, and not our British peril, which has stirred America to supreme endeavour. It is German barbarity which is welding Free France into a determined nation. It is the risk of losing faith and friendship and liberty and the highest instincts of man which is vitalising Poland, fanning the flame of rebellion in France, stiffening Norwegian resistance, and pouring a river of hope into the barren sands of Abyssinia.

Today is dark, but tomorrow is bright.

### JUST AN IDEA

*God, somebody has said, sleeps in the plant, dreams in the animal, and wakes in man. Everywhere eternally, the Everlasting Ruler of mankind sustains our lives.*

## The Children What Does Hitle



Hitler is launching his armies of terror on the Balkan countries, whose boundaries are shown here as they were at the beginning of the war. The Danube, now almost free from ice, is available for his traffic, and the question is being asked whether all this action is to obtain the agricultural wealth of these Balkan lands in order to benefit his blockaded country, to attack Greece and Turkey in order to establish himself strongly on the Mediterranean, using Salonika as a base for attacks by air and submarine on our Fleet. Istanbul may also be one of his main objects, with

## The Garden of the Hesperides

WITH the capture of Benghazi there has fallen into our hands the garden of the Hesperides.

Benghazi was founded by the Greeks long centuries ago, and was known to them as Hesperides. Little is to be seen today of the ancient town, but here and there in the sand the traveller may still trace the outlines of buildings and streets, and excavators have brought to light many examples of Greek art.

Behind the town may be seen to this day a number of large natural pits or depressions in the sandy soil, and tradition has it that these mark the sites of the garden of the Hesperides.

To the Greeks the Hesperides were beautiful maidens with lovely voices who guarded the golden apples which Earth was supposed to have given Hera when she married Zeus.

Even today these depressions crowded with bushes and flowers often glow with colour; to the ancient Greeks the garden was a place of fragrance and loveliness. It was there the sun rested; and it was there that a dragon kept watch upon the golden apples which Hera was ordered to take back to Argos.

The golden apples which Hippiomenes rolled before Hera in the famous race he gathered in this garden; and doubt Shakespeare recalled the old tale when he wrote:

*Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous  
to be touched.*

So our army has captured a town which has links with some of the best-loved stories told by the ancestors of our Greek

## A Growl From a Little Shop

THE Government having asked women to complete their town shopping early, to free transport for war workers by four o'clock, a growl comes from the suburbs.

For the first time in my life (says the kindly manager of a little business concern there) I could find it in my heart to detest my fellow creatures.

His trouble is that the Government appeal, plus the lengthening daylight, has induced women to revert to after-tea shopping, and his spirit of resentment against them begins to rise as

six o'clock approaches. That it is that he and his fellow assistants are wishing to close shop; then it is that they become most busy. Shoppers don't realise (he complains) that some of us have ARP work that will keep us out of bed all night. If they are clear out of town by five o'clock, why can't they clear out of suburban shops by five?

So let us all try to give shopkeepers the boon they seek with a rest before their duty on sentry-go begins.

## Under the Editor's Table

IT costs more to have a haircut now. You would think they would take a bit off.

MANY people are sleeping better since the war. If they don't sleep at home they can have their sleep out.

SHOULD everyone wear a germ-mask? That may be before us.

BETTER-OFF people have more difficulties than working-people, says a newspaper. Then working-people are better off.

IT is said that the new American Ambassador knows the plain people. Hope his friends won't be offended.

### Peter Puck Wants to Know



If crumbs of comfort will be rationed

BOYS from 16 to 18 are marking time. Let us hope they will leave their mark on it.

ANY man in the Army can complain if his meal doesn't come up to standard. Most are satisfied if it goes down all right.

MANY Americans like the things we stand for. And us because we stand up to things.

A CERTAIN king's hobby is engine-driving. He has a train of servants.

WHY is time not on the list of things we must not waste?



# Want Down East?



control of the Bosphorus, a frustrated aim of Russia during last century. Turkey, in spite of the small size of her army, should be able to hold on her corner in Europe, even if her aid cannot be effective with the Greeks, whose challenge will meet the invader step by step as he tries to advance toward Athens. The future cannot be foreseen, but it is incredible that Nazi threats will enable the Huns to cross Turkish territory to fight our armies in the Middle East for the possession of the fields of Iraq and Iran, and the control of Suez and the great canal.

## George of Birnigam

Someone has sent us a copy of a pamphlet issued by the Welsh Children's Nutrition Council in which many tales are told of education units. Not the least interesting is the story of George of "Birnigam," as he calls his native city. His tale says:

Three weeks ago he stood on his doorstep in the evening, last of a big party brought to our respectable Cardiff suburb, tearful and travel-stained. Would we take him in for a couple of days until other accommodation had been found? We took him in and told the billeting officer not to bother to call for him. George looked me up and down challengingly, searchingly. He smiled,

and all my defences tumbled down. I knew he trusted me.

He has fallen into a stream, and on Saturday he swallowed a whistle at a party, but I do not think that that much matters, for he was once knocked down by a car in "Birnigam" and was taken to hospital. When I had a doctor to see him George didn't mind much "S'long as he don't cut open my tummy, cos he mayn't put it back right."

A third of my earnings go in income-tax, gone are the days of pleasure motoring, many of our kith and kin are in the fighting forces, others have been blitzed. The war has hit us hard, but the heaviest blow of all is George. He has hit our heart.

## Life on the Red Island

FRANCO-BRITISH reader of the C N, whose husband is in Madagascar, writes concerning a recent article on the Great Red Island, or the Red Island as it is often called.

One wonders how things are going on there (our correspondent writes), for nothing can be imported, neither petrol nor oil, flour, no tea, no clothes, no medicines. People must live on what is grown or made there, burn kerosene and smelly Malagasy candles or use castor oil in lamps, and travel in the quaint vehicles of yesteryear.

Our article mentioned the Anglican Mission, but in fact there are three British Missions

working there, the London Missionary Society, the Friends Foreign Mission Association, and the S P G; there are also a very important Norwegian mission, two Lutheran American Missions, and the French Protestant Mission.

These missions from different nations today all work in harmony and collaboration, and now form what is called the Protestant Malagasy Church.

"When we received the C N in Madagascar," says our correspondent, "we used to pass it on to the Malagasy pastor of the church, who would often make use of it in his sermons or his talks to the children."

## HERE RISES THE BLUE NILE

Look at the hillock of green sod in the middle of that watery spot (said Waldo). It is in that that the two fountains of the Nile are to be found.

If you go the length of the fountains, pull off your shoes, for these people are all pagans, and they believe in nothing that you believe, but only in this river, to which they pray every day as if it were God.

IMMEDIATELY below us was the Nile itself, now a mere brook, with scarcely water enough in it to turn a mill. I could not satiate myself with the sight, revolving in my mind all those classic prophecies that had given the Nile up to perpetual obscurity and concealment. I ran down the hill towards a little island of green sods, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain of the Nile, which rises in the middle of it.

It is easier to imagine than to describe my mind at the moment, standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years! Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour had been held out to every individual of the myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign.

Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies. Bruce of Abyssinia

## Those Who Fall But Do Not Fail

At the Beautiful Gate,  
Come you early, come late,  
You will find them;  
And at His command  
Upright they will stand,  
Casting their weakness behind them.

WHERE the roughest winds blow  
They will go, they will go,  
There you'll meet them;  
This is a steep bit,  
Courage will leap it!  
Gallant hearts, gladly you'll greet them.

At the Beautiful Gate,  
Come you early, come late,  
You will find them;  
With the light in their eyes  
Of some wondrous surprise,  
Earth's shadows falling behind them. C. L. H.

## QUIET OLD DAYS

IN the sweet old quiet days when men did great things because they were never in a hurry, they thought each night an image in small, a type, a possible beginning, too, of the long Night—which is indeed the Day. The darkness brought holy musings as surely as it brought the stars, and with thoughts floating out into the wide sea of infinite being. Sleep, who dwells in that calm region came unsought. Instead of the peevish wail of the sleepless was the wise desire of the wakeful spirit to rise and give thanks in the Night Watches, and to let no hour pass without its prayer.

From an old book



# CARRY ON

## THE NAME OF LIBERTY

Twas shouted aloud at Marathon,  
Twas the cry at Thermopylae,  
The name that lit the fiery cross  
That passed from sea to sea,  
And gathered the clans whom  
gallant Bruce  
Led on to victory.

Tis a name that fires the souls of men  
And teaches them to dare,  
Inspired the brave Von Winkelried  
To rush on the foeman's spear,  
And struck the tyrant Gessler  
down  
With palsy and with fear.

It was breathed on the Mayflower's crowded deck  
When she sailed from old England's shore;  
It cheered on the braves of Commonwealth  
When they conquered at Marston Moor,  
And rang when the patriot Hampden fell  
At the height of the battle's roar.

## March Comes On

THE stormy March is come at last,  
With wind, and cloud, and  
changing skies;  
I hear the rushing of the blast  
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,  
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;  
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,  
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again  
The glad and glorious sun dost bring;  
And thou hast joined the gentle train  
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills  
In joy that they again are free;  
And, brightly leaping down the hills,  
Renew their journey to the sea.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,  
And that soft time of sunny flowers,  
When the wide bloom on earth that lies  
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

William Cullen Bryant

It sounded on Warsaw's blood-stained walls,  
On Italia's broad campaign,  
On the marshy soil of the Netherlands,  
Mid the vine-clad hills of Spain;  
And rang aloud when France was swept  
By a blood-red hurricane.

It was heard when Venice was pressed in fight,  
When Croat and Magyar met,  
When the red shirts conquered in Sicily,  
When the sun of Austria set,  
The name of my love resounded loud  
To the beat of the castanet.

Tis a name well-known as a rallying cry,  
And blessed with a magic spell;  
A name that rose from the shattered host  
When Kosciuszko fell,  
The name of the shrine where Hofer knelt,  
The beacon light of Tell!

John Bedford Leno

## WOE TO THAT MAN

EXCEPT ye become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Whoso shall offend one of these little ones it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by which the offence cometh. Jesus

## Who Prays For England Now?

We quote these lines from a poem by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, writing in an American newspaper.

Who prays for England now  
Against the sons of Cain  
Seeks nobler peace than they who knelt

When Drake set sail for Spain.  
The dungeon lamps of Hitler flare  
From Norway south to Rome;  
And slaves flayed bare of all save prayer  
Cry, "England, England, come!"  
Who prays for England now?



For more than a thousand years a curfew horn has been blown every night in the market-place at Ripon in Yorkshire. Owing to the war this duty is to be undertaken in future by the thirteen-year-old daughter of the regular horn-blower, Mr Harold Blackburn

## MR ROOSEVELT AND THE CHILDREN

### A New Chance Comes His Way

At last the lot of the child worker in America is to be improved, becoming a matter for Federal legislation rather than for the individual States. The Supreme Court has done a great thing for humanity by reversing its decision on this question.

Many of these States have made their own laws controlling the ages and hours and conditions of labour for young people, and for over 20 years Americans have been working to secure a uniform plan for the whole country.

In 1924 Congress by a big majority proposed the following Amendment to the American Constitution:

*The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labour of persons under eighteen years of age.*

Under the Constitution 36 States have to ratify such an

amendment before it can become effective, and to their credit the States of Arizona, Arkansas, Wisconsin, and California ratified within a year. But other States were not so enthusiastic and a few decidedly hostile, with the result that by 1938 only 28 had ratified the amendment.

Meanwhile President Roosevelt had tried to solve the problem, and at one time it was thought he had succeeded, but, like many of his proposals, this one was held by the Supreme Court to be contrary to the written Constitution which reserves all labour legislation to the individual States.

Now, however, the Supreme Court has come to a final decision that a Federal Act prohibiting child labour and regulating that of all under 18 in every individual State can be passed and enforced.



**In Bonnie Scotland**

An artist finds a subject for his brush in a quaint old corner of Kirkcudbright

### The Noble Carrot

THE lowly carrot has recently won promotion to a position of dignity and importance such as its cultivators can hardly have foreseen for it.

Two rival authorities may claim credit for the rediscovery of its high virtues.

Lord Woolton, the Food Controller, expounding their qualities as a food, joyfully asserts that he has put carrots on the map. Doctors hold that they were before him, having urged their use ever since the coming of the Blackout as an aid in night-blindness. But both Lord Woolton and the doctors were

anticipated more than half a century ago. In Anthony Trollope's Barchester Towers Miss Thorne, the delightful old spinster of Ullathorne, was prescribing carrot-juice 57 years ago. "Don't forget the carrot-juice, my dear," she said to the mother of little Johnny Bold. "My grandmother had the best teeth in the county at 80. I have heard her say that it was all the carrot-juice."

They knew nothing of vitamins then, but they had learned of carrot virtues, of which the world at large is now hearing for the first time.

## Spring on the Wing

By Our Country Lad

In your crowded city you will not have been able to see, as we do, the primroses peeping out in sheltered corners to catch up with the snowdrops; and the yellow catkins thick on the nut trees. But these are not the signs of spring that we notice most. Only the other day the birds were fiercely demanding alms from us.

Never have we seen so many tits in the garden. Great tits and blue tits, and even marsh tits, rapped at the windows for our bits and pieces; and they had to compete with the robins and the sturdy cock chaffinches. When the snow was on the ground they were joined in the mêlée by a water wagtail, while blackbirds and thrushes, and starlings of course, chased one another for possession of the larger scraps.

But now nearly all have gone, winging their way to the woods—and their nesting places. From the trees the magpies are chattering, and the blackbird has begun his spring song. The chaffinch sounds loud and clear, the robin has started his loud warning against trespass on his domain, and the woodpecker has begun his "yaffle."

The birds and the spring are on the wing.

### Beyond the Dreams of Wilbur Wright

*The R A F in Pictures. By Major Oliver Stewart. Country Life, 5s.*

If you have five shillings to spend on a boy, or if you have a boy who loves a fine thing more than five shillings, this is the book for him.

Here is what every intelligent boy wants, a book full of fine planes—Spitfires, Hurricanes, Skuas, Flamingoes, Wasps, and what-nots, glorious pictures of them and answers to all a boy's questions about them. We saw Wilbur Wright's first plane in Europe. We helped to pull him up. But never did we dream of such an assemblage of flying wonders as is here displayed—creatures like great bumblebees, like swordfishes, like terrifying prehistories all alive. These are the incredible wonders that are saving Civilisation and Christianity and Freedom and everything we believe in, and they are spread out for us as in a shop window, just as they should be.

As it is a Country Life book it is finely made and good enough for anybody, and it does its work well:

### DADDY

When a little boy in Montreal was told the other day that his father had been made a Brigadier-General he was completely overawed.

"Oh, mummy," said five-year-old Michael on hearing the news, "may I still call him Daddy?"

### The Key

A salvage officer received a key, and the following note the other day:

*Sir, the house belonging this key has been bombed; please accept for salvage.*

## The Man Who Hates All Lovely Things

THE mellow 14th-century walls of London's Guildhall, which withstood the Great Fire of 1666, still stand. They withstood the even greater fire of 1940, though not without tragic damage.

The burning of the timber roof was no great matter, for it was a Victorian addition and without distinction; but the damage to the ancient stonework was serious. Now we learn that all such damage is to be made good after the war with perfect restoration by devoted architects who will incorporate in their reconstruction every scrap of the old material which can be used.

This process will go on all over the country. Wherever an ancient church, a town hall, or a historic house has suffered hurt at the hands of Hitler it will be restored in spite of Hitler. If any of the fabric is left it will be the centre of a reconstruction in which, because Hitler hates all that is ancient and beautiful in the calling which he strove in vain to enter, every scrap of the ruin he created will be saved to rise once more as a witness of eternal beauty.

The youthful Hitler, undistinguished as a corporal in the only war in which he has fought, tried to become an architect, but his work was rejected as below the high standards of Vienna. We may be sure it was justly rejected, for an artist is a creative man, not a destroyer; he loves life, not death.

Hitler has no creative instinct save the desire to create the greatest instrument the world has ever seen forged for the destruction of civilisation and all the best hopes and aspirations of mankind. How could such a creature be an artist? Yet the frustration of his early ambition helped to make him the scourge of his fellows.

Millions of them, who hate every conception he stands for, can still express their loathing only in secret. The time has not yet come for their open revolt and the end of the tyrant, but when that day dawns the architects will be busy. Under their industrious hands the very stones will bear witness against the ugly man who hated all lovely things.

## Will the Farmer Grow Our Newspaper?

THE Ministry of Agriculture points out that the sudden demand for straw for paper-making comes as a great and pleasant surprise to the farmer.

When war broke out four-fifths of the wood pulp we used for paper came from abroad, and most of it from Northern Europe. Canada has made good part of the deficiency caused by the German blockade, but Canadian ship space is needed for munitions. Moreover, cellulose is needed not only for paper but for artificial silk and explosives. Hence the troubles of our paper-makers.

Straw is by no means an ideal paper material, but in the circumstances it is invaluable. Its use for paper is by no means new. It has been used in agricultural countries for years.

The technical differences of the new trade are many, but the paper trade is pooling its knowledge and experience and already valuable results are being obtained. The farmers, needless to say, are delighted. We may look forward with hope to better days for farming if the farmer can grow our newspapers as well as our cabbages.

## The Brightest Star in All the Heavens

As Spring draws near the most brilliant star of all, Sirius, disappears from sight; but it is shortly replaced by a brighter star, though none would think so at a glance. It is visible as a pin-point of light in the constellation of Sagittarius (the Archer), towards which our sun seems to be heading. But this pin-point is now revealed as the most luminous star yet discovered, 45,000 times as bright as our

sun. Its light has been measured by the instruments at one of the Californian observatories, and if it were as near as Sirius we should be overpowered by its blaze in the Southern sky. But whereas the light from Sirius reaches us after a journey of nine years across space, that of this new bright star, Upsilon Sagittarius, takes 9000 years to come, and so appears a thousand times less bright to the eye.

## NINETEEN FORTY—OUR FINEST HOUR

Children's Newspaper Articles Reprinted

NINETEEN FORTY will probably be remembered in all history as our finest year. We suffered incredible disasters. We sustained unparalleled betrayals. We ran stupendous risks. We took upon ourselves overwhelming burdens. We endured intolerable humiliations. We were flung into the depths of grief.

BUT we carried on. Guided by the Hand of God and sustained by our own right arm, we came through the shadows of defeat into the sunlight of a nobler dawn.

ARTHUR MEE's articles in the Children's Newspaper, written week by week as the poignant drama of our finest year unfolded itself, are now issued as a book. They are not meant to be a narrative of events; they are an optimist's view of the war, gathered together as a record of the emotions stirring within us during these 366 historic days and nights.

Order at any Bookshop. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s

# The Pessimist's Dream That Did Not Come True

WE were referring in the C.N. the other day to Macaulay's New Zealander and to the poem of Mrs Barbauld from which Macaulay may have taken his idea. It is a remarkable poem, and our readers may be interested to run through it quickly. It is called Eighteen Hundred and Eleven.

It opens with a scene which might have been written today: Still the loud death drum, thundering from afar, O'er the vexed nations pours the storm of war: To the stern call still Britain bends her ear, Feeds the fierce strife, th' alternate hope and fear; Bravely, though vainly, dares to strive with Fate, And seeks by turns to prop each sinking State. Colossal power with overwhelming force Bears down each fort of Freedom in its course.

## The Misery of War

The poet goes on to bemoan the misery and ruin of the war, and asks if Britain thinks she can still sit at ease amid it all? The poet thinks not:

Thou who hast shared the guilt must share the woe. Nor distant is the hour... No more on crowded mart or busy street Friends meeting friends with cheerful hurry greet; Sad, on the ground thy princely merchants bend Their altered looks, and evil days portend, And fold their arms, and watch with anxious breast The tempest blackening in the distant West.

Yes, thou must droop; thy Midas dream is o'er; The golden tide of Commerce leaves thy shore.

The poet is melancholy indeed, but she loves her country. Not like the dim cold Crescent should she fade, her debt to Science and the Muse unpaid, for her star shone bright in glory:

If westward streams the light that leaves thy shores, Still from thy lamp the streaming radiance pours. Widespread thy race from Ganges to the Pole, O'er half the western world thy accents roll: Nations, beyond the Apalachian hills Thy hand has planted and thy spirit fills.

Not one word of our literature shall fade, the poet says, and yet night might fall upon our country's power:

England, the seat of arts, be only known By the grey ruin and the mouldering stone; That Time may tear the garland from her brow, And Europe sit in dust, as Asia now.

Then some wandering traveller from afar, from the Blue Mountains or Ontario's Lake, will come on pilgrimage to the English Wilderness:

Of shall they seek some peasant's homely shed, Who toils unconscious of the mighty dead, To ask where Avon's winding waters stray, And thence a knot of wild flowers bear away.

And then the wanderer will come upon the faded glories of London:

The mighty city, which by every road, In floods of people poured itself abroad; Ungirt by walls, irregularly great, No jealous drawbridge, and no closing gate; Whose merchants (such the state which commerce brings) Sent forth their mandates to dependent kings; Streets, where the turbaned Moslem, bearded Jew, And woolly Afric met the brown Hindu; Where through each vein spontaneous plenty flowed, Where Wealth enjoyed, and Charity bestowed. Pensive and thoughtful shall the wanderers greet Each splendid square and still, untrodden street; Or of some crumbling turret, mined by time, The broken stairs with perilous step shall climb, Thence stretch their view the wide horizon round, By scattered hamlets trace its ancient bound, And, choked no more with fleets, fair Thames survey Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way.

## A Challenge

We must feel that Mrs Barbauld challenged public opinion when she wrote this, and that it was her own fault that it proved to be her last poem, for she had clearly lost all faith in her country, and it is not surprising that the reception of the poem was such that she gave up writing. We come now to these four lines:

Of shall the strangers turn their eager feet The rich remains of ancient art to greet... Shall own with humbled pride the lesson just By Time's slow finger written in the dust.

The poem goes on to speak of a Spirit walking o'er the peopled earth, of the rise of civilisation and of its fall:

Crime walks thy streets, Fraud earns her unblest bread, O'er want and woe thy gorgeous robe is spread, And angel charities in vain oppose: With grandeur's growth the mass of misery grows.

Now the Genius of life turns from Europe's desolated shores, and the poem closes, as it opens, on a note which makes it notable today, for it hails the rise of a new civilisation in the West:

Ardent, the Genius fans the noble strife, And pours through feeble souls a higher life, Shouts to the mingled tribes from sea to sea, And swears—Thy world, Columbus, shall be free.

It is the poem of a lover of her country who lost faith in England in the dark days of Napoleon, and we may all be thankful that her melancholy fears were not realised then and will not be realised now. The poem is one more pessimist's dream that did not come true.

## The Travelling Magnet

Most of us know magnets as steel horse-shoes which pick up bits of iron, but when an electric current is passed through a coil of wire wound round an iron bar the iron becomes a powerful magnet capable of lifting heavy loads. A powerful electric magnet on wheels is now to be used on the big motor roads in America to pick up nails, bolts, and scraps of iron, which not only cause burst tyres but are known to be responsible for a number of other motor accidents.

# English Longfellow

FOR nearly a century Longfellow has been, next to our greatest masters, the poet most quoted in the English-speaking world; and now, with President Roosevelt choosing his ringing words as the text for his letter to Mr Churchill, he becomes more vividly than ever the joint son of our two nations.

Of course, he was American-born, but he is our poet, one of the gifts of Yorkshire to the world.

When in "The Courtship of Miles Standish" honest John Alden pleads the cause of his bashful friend Standish to the Puritan maid Priscilla, and she, knowing that he himself loves her, replies, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" we have reality as well as poetry. Shakespeare had lain but four years in his grave and Milton was a lad of 12 when Priscilla Mullens, a little Yorkshire Puritan, landed from the Mayflower, assisted by gallant John Alden.

The Longfellow, also from Yorkshire, reached the New World half a century later, and, the two families meeting 140 years ago, Zilpha, a descendant of the Aldens, married William,

a descendant of the Longfellow, and William the poet was the second of their eight children. In due course he came, more than once, to visit the home of his ancestors, to enjoy the affectionate friendship of Dickens and other literary leaders of the age, and to be received in honour and given degrees from both our Universities.

Everybody knew and loved him. He looked the true poet, with his magnificent head and features, but his friends thought that, bearing so significant a surname, he ought to have been tall instead of rather short.

Music is in his verse. Not only have all who speak our tongue been reciting him for a century, not only have we all sung his splendid Village Blacksmith, but our musicians have gone to him for more ambitious themes. The Golden Legend, King Olaf, and Hiawatha, which have been sung all over the English-speaking world wherever choral societies can be got together, are the works of this poet whose name is a household word in the whole English-speaking world.

# SHOULD EVERYBODY HAVE A VOTE?

## The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Should everybody have a vote? I have been puzzling my brains about it.

Man. Well, it took centuries in our own country to arrive at the decision that all adults should vote. If we go back only a hundred years we find that British law then confined the right to men of property, on the principle that those who had something to lose were the best fitted to elect members of Parliament to safeguard the State, and to make laws. Not until 1832 was the vote granted to a large part of the population, and even then the vote in counties was restricted to those who occupied properties of a rental value of not less than £50 a year. In 1884 Mr Gladstone enfranchised the agricultural labourers, and in 1918 the vote was made for practical purposes universal for all over 21, men and women, rich or poor.

Boy. So that all men and women are now regarded by our law as equal in value, equally entitled to choose who should rule us?

Man. Yes; and there is great justice in that conception, for it is necessary that manhood and womanhood, as such, should be held in respect and honour, and possess the fullest possible power to express views, opinions, and needs.

Boy. But do not many people vote without knowledge, and is it right that the ignorant should take part in choosing our rulers?

Man. It is true that a host of people have little learning in public affairs, and it may seem wrong that ignorant and stupid people should be entrusted with so heavy a responsibility as the government of a nation; but we must be content with the saying of Abraham Lincoln that you cannot fool all the people all the time. The vote is a protection for the common man, and an education also, even if he sometimes misuses it. It is rather like getting into the water before you can swim.

Boy. Would it not be better if citizenship and its duties were studied at school? When a boy leaves school at 15 only a few years separate him from giving his first vote, and how in those few years is he to learn how to vote?

Man. The study of man's relation to the State and of a citizen's position in society should certainly

begin early, but a man's own feeling of right and wrong should find expression and power even though he may not be very learned.

Boy. I suppose there are many ways of arranging the voting system in other countries?

Man. Yes, but it is usual to have geographical representation, members nearly always representing places. Some day, perhaps, we may be able to prolong schooling and training so that we may feel assured that each voter has had a real chance to understand what he votes about. As things are, I do not know how we are to judge as between man and man in this matter, for, if we are to have a test, what test of voting capacity can we apply? Good marks at school do not always mark out the most useful man, or the wisest, or the best. Our Prime Minister was by no means a distinguished scholar, but he has proved himself in the test of life to be a born leader. For the present, therefore, it may be best to give every man a vote and leave the rest to time, and to what Mr Gladstone called "Trust in the people."

# WISE MOTHERS FIGHT COLDS THIS WAY

Mother—the real reason why so many children catch colds is because their systems are sluggish—not as active and regular as they should be. And a sluggish system is an ideal breeding ground for cold and flu germs.

So take this precaution today. Get a bottle of the remarkable "natural" remedy, 'California Syrup of Figs.' Give a teaspoonful to your child once or twice a week.

By doing this you keep the system active and healthy, and help purify the blood as a defence against nasty colds. Pure, rich blood is a child's best guard against colds. And 'California Syrup of Figs' is the ideal laxative and blood purifier for a child. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Children love it.

# BEDTIME CORNER

## Warriors Bold



SUCH a din from the meadow, you almost might think An army was marching that way; But twas only young Leslie and Wilfred and Bob— Three gallant bold warriors at play

## THE LOST SHEEP

WHAT man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost until he find it? When he hath found it he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing; and when he cometh home he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.

## Do You Know—

What old Mother Hubbard hoped to find in the cupboard? *A bone for her dog*

GOD our Father, we remember before Thee those men and women who in times past, having heard Thy voice, having seen the light of the ideal before them, have faced untold dangers and been faithful even unto death. For ourselves we pray that we too may be filled with courage and go forward, through calm and storm, to the very end, obeying Thy will and doing Thy work. So may Thy kingdom come on earth as in heaven. Amen



# THE BRAN TUB

## THAT'S BENGHAZI—THAT WAS

BILL: My Dad has handed over his field-glasses for use in the Army.

Jack: Were they powerful ones?

Bill: Rather! They made anything within ten miles appear as if it was behind.

## A Painful Possibility

HISSED a viper, "There are, without doubt, Many cases of toothache about. In my best poison fang I just now felt a pang—What a shame if it has to come out!"

## A BIG SALMON

AN angler was telling his friends of some of the huge fishes he had caught at different times. "The biggest salmon I ever landed," he said, "was a monster whose tail alone weighed eight pounds."

"And what was the weight of the fish?" asked a listener.

"Well, the body weighed as much as the tail and the head together," replied the fisherman, "and the head was equal to the tail and half the body."

What was the weight of the salmon?

Answer next week

## THE UPSTART IN THE CURIO SHOP

THE man showed him a Greek vase, saying:

"It looks like nothing at all, yet this little vase is over two thousand years old."

"Over two thousand years old! What do you mean? This is only 1941."

## CAUGHT

A boy placed four matches on the table like this:

1 2 3 4

Then he called his sister and asked her to test her eyesight by saying which pair of lines was farthest apart.

After gazing earnestly at the matches for some time she said that she thought 3 and 4 were farthest apart than the others.

But her teasing brother said that she was wrong. Obviously 1 and 4 are farthest apart!

## A Fourfold Enigma

WE are a brave and a jovial crew  
As ever messed together;  
We have hearts of oak in our bosoms true,  
And we care not for wind or weather.

We are a mischievous, thieving crew,  
If ye rightly transpose our letters,  
Our foes are many, our friends are few,  
And we live by robbing our betters.

We are the ornaments of life  
When rightly transposed again;  
Yet we may be used to foster strife,  
Or injure the fame of men.

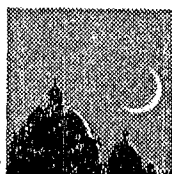
Restored, as at first, with the plural sign  
Before as well as behind us,  
We gladden your path, as we brightly shine  
In the glorious space assigned us.

Answer next week

## Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the

south. In the morning Venus is low in the south-east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, March 2.



## TWO TEARS

HELTER said to Skelter, "Now

I vote we have a race, A point to point one, don't you know, down little Ronald's face!"

"Though I'm tiny," answered Skelter, "I defy you, so here goes!"

But he dried up like a dewdrop when he got to Ronald's nose; While Helter, who was bigger, by the law of gravitation

Went trickling on serenely to his place of destination.

He didn't even hurry, for he knew that he would win, And he shortly dripped in triumph from the curve of Ronald's chin!

## Jumbled Fish



In this picture the letters in the names of the fish have been mixed up. Can you see what they are?

Answer next week

## Do You Live in Maidstone?

IN Domesday Book the name is spelt Medwegestun, and later is given as Meddestan, which shows it has nothing to do with ton, a town or hamlet. The meaning is the rock on the Medway.

Medway was formerly spelt Medeweay, and means the meadow by the deep waters.

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

WICK VALE  
ADO LIBEL  
REAM CLAM  
PALETTE S  
L TOOP  
S DETRAIN  
HERO YULE  
OVERT TOW  
PEWS ROTS

## The Heading

Rubber

## Hidden Trees

Box, larch, bay,

will-ow(l), map-le,

elder, palm, pine

## Problem of the

Pupils. 28

## Riddle in Rhyme

Lamp-post

## Cross Word. The

cue for TOU should have read Adverb.

## Jacko Pounces



THE wind it blew. And it blew and it blew. Away went Father's hat, careering gaily down the street. "Hi!" cried Jacko, dashing after it. "Got you!" he shouted, pouncing on it with glee. Unfortunately he missed his footing, and fell—squashing poor Father's hat completely flat!

## How Captain Marryat Wrote His Name

FREDERICK MARRYAT was the first and greatest writer of sea stories for boys. He served in the Navy till middle life (at one time commanding a sloop cruising off St Helena to guard against the escape of Napoleon) and sailed and fought in all parts of the world. Hence the convincing realism and enthusiasm of his story-writing. Marryat was born in 1792 and died in 1848. This is how he wrote his name:

*F. Marryat*

## How to Do It

A VERY poor writer said one day to the French poet Piron: "I should like to produce a work such as no one has ever attempted or would ever attempt." "Write a eulogy of yourself," said the poet.

## The Salt in the Sea

IT is said that the ocean contains 320 million cubic miles of water, about three and a half per cent of which consists of salt. This salt solidified would be equal to about twenty times the rocks and earths composing the Alps and something like five times the Himalayas.

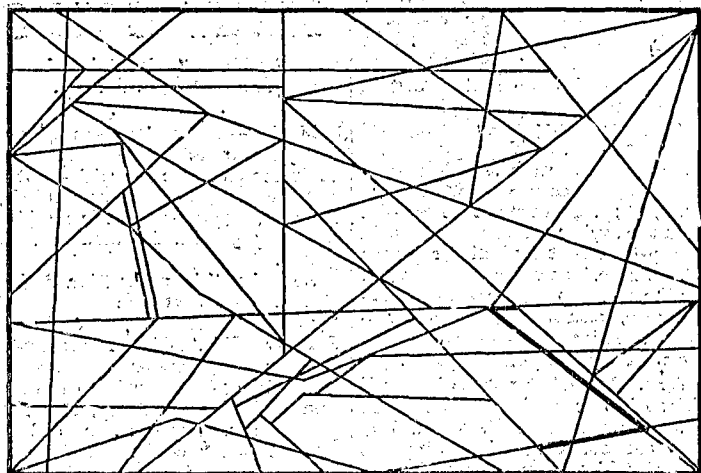
The surface of the ocean has been put at about 140 million square miles. If all the salt in the sea could be raised and floated on its surface this salt crust would be more than 450 feet deep!

## A Reasonable Doubt

LITTLE Madge had begun to take lessons in natural history, and her mother wanted to know how she was getting on.

"What did you learn in your lesson today, dear?" asked Mother.

"Well, I'm beginning to think, from what the mistress said, that it wasn't a cow that jumped over the moon after all. It must have been a kangaroo."



Fill in with pencil the sections of this design that make the silhouette of an eagle. The heavy black lines are part of the tail. Answer next week

## Wonders of Animal Life

Here is continued the series of 50 Wonders of Animal Life which began in the CN two weeks ago.

## 17. How the Caterpillar Carves Its Way

The caterpillar of the dragon moth (*Hydrocampa milhauseri*) makes a cocoon of solid silk and to cut its way out the chrysalis is provided with a hard head spine. The cocoon fits the chrysalis closely, and when the time comes for the emergence of the moth the chrysalis rotates the fore-part of its body, and the spine travels over the same part of the cocoon till it has cut out sufficient space to allow of the creature's exit. The process is helped by the emission of a softening fluid guided to the right place by the spine.

## 18. Poison Trails in Tropical Seas

One of the most beautiful objects to be seen floating on tropical seas is the Portuguese man-of-war. It is a kind of jelly-fish, and below it hang a number of tentacles, or feelers, several feet long, which sting and paralyse the creatures on which it feeds, thus enabling it to take its meal at leisure.

## 19. A Fish That Leaps About on Land

The mud-skipper gobies of tropical shores leave the water and climb on to the land, where they jump about like frogs, hopping from rock to rock so quickly that it is difficult for natives to catch them when they chase them over the shore.

## WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Obtainable everywhere in two sizes. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.